

The Times' Daily Short Story.

A CLEW BY TELEPHONE

(Original.)

A ring at the telephone.
Only a metal bell rung by electricity, but the current has been turned on by a living human being, and that being wishes to speak to me. All day I have been alone in the old farmhouse. The rooms have seemed more than empty—rather, they have seemed full of nothingness. Without the wind has been playing a mournful tune on the telegraph wires lining the road, and now that evening has come the air and the wires are still, but the sounds are replaced by the whispering.

Is it strange that I should long for the sound of a human voice? I start up, hurry to the telephone, take down the receiver and listen.

"Help! Help!"

It is a woman's voice.

A footstep, then a growl—a human growl, that of a man who, though the process of development has been going on about and within him for ages, still expresses his dissatisfaction like a tiger in the jungle—then a jerk on something connected with the telephone.

"Mercy! Mercy! Don't kill me! Spare me!"

The words are faint, but distinct. They are doubtless spoken at a distance from the telephone.

If horror could be gathered like electricity, what I feel would be equal to a thousand volts. Some one is being murdered—a woman. She has tried to call me, and the brute has dragged her from the telephone. And I stand here paralyzed, no hope of saving her, not even a chance of learning who is her murderer.

I can faintly distinguish the words, "Where is the money?" and the reply: "In a stocking in the closet. Take it all."

A footstep and the opening of a door. The woman must have taken advantage of the turning of the robber's back, for suddenly I hear a click and the words:

"I am being robbed and shall be murdered. Mrs. Pogram. The man is—"

He has dragged her away again. Great heavens! What can I do? The Pograms live five miles from any other farmer. I might call the telephone office and report the horror to them, but what good would it do? It would not be possible for any one to reach the Pograms in less than half an hour.

"Let go my throat!"

It is the brute's coarse voice.

A groan—the last sound sent over the wire by a dying woman.

One more sound, but it is only the closing of a door. After that all is still. No, there is the ticking of a

clock.

"Central!" I call. "Central!" I ring and call till I get an answer.
"Mrs. Pogram, on the Alpha road, has been murdered. Get up a posse at once to go there. Look out for a man with gold on him and possibly a mark of fingers on his throat. I will be with you as soon as I can saddle a horse."

Ten minutes later I ride up to a hamlet to find three men standing by their horses and two others leading theirs from the stables. We mount and ride to the Pograms, dash into the house, and there in the broad hall a woman lies pierced to the heart.

Up to this moment there has been a hope of finding her alive. Now that is gone. With one accord we bend our wits and our energies to the task of finding her murderer. Leaving one of the posse at the house, we remount and dash away in different directions. We are well armed and proceed singly so as to cover more ground.

Ahead of me is a tramp. Hearing my horse's hoofs, he looks back. When I reach him I turn his pockets inside out and look for marks on his throat. His pockets contain only a few coppers and his throat is clear.

A shot, the signal on which we have agreed, on the road to my left. I let down some rails and ride over there. Two of our posse are riding up at the same time. Amos Baker is holding his horse with one hand while he covers an ugly looking man with the other. We empty his pockets, but find nothing of value. I knock him under the chin to make him hold his head up, and there on the throat is—not finger marks, but a scratch.

Somehow I am confident that we have the right man, and we take him to the Pograms. On a finger of the dead woman is a ring, the stone of which is turned in toward the palm of the hand. There are five little prongs which hold the stone, one of which has been broken and presents a sharp point. There is a reading glass on the table in the living room which reveals something, one can't see what, on the broken prong. We telephone for a doctor to come with his microscope. He comes and discovers particles of skin and an infinitesimal quantity of blood.

Shall we finish the job or turn the man over to the authorities? We retire for consultation and hit upon a device to gain more proof. Being sure he had hidden the gold he had taken, we decide to give him his choice between two alternatives. If he will tell us where to find the gold we will turn him in to be tried by law. If not, we will swing him to a tree then and there. He pleads that he knows nothing of the gold. We arrange the rope with its noose about his head. He breaks down and tells us he dropped the plunder in the creek while crossing the bridge. There we find it in its stocking.

In ten weeks he is swung off by the sheriff.

F. A. MITCHEL.

ECHOES FROM THE WAR

Remarkable Recoveries of Russians From Bullet Wounds.

JAPANESE PROUD OF THEIR DEAD

Do Not Mourn For Those Killed In Battle, Says a Traveler—Russian Students in Germany Rejoice Over Japanese Victories, Declares a Cincinnati Attorney.

An interesting account is given by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Telegraph of remarkable recoveries of Russian soldiers from wounds made by what they term Japanese toy bullets. These bullets, say Russian surgeons, are, if not perfectly harmless, at least the next best thing to that, forming the mildest kind of missile that has ever yet been fired from a rifle. One of the consequences is that a number of wounds which formerly were mortal are now healed and forgotten in a few days.

"Up till now a bullet in the head," remarks a Russian physician who is collecting data on the surgical aspect of the present war, "which pierced the brain was certain to cause death. But here we have a case in which a missile actually went through the medulla oblongata, yet the man who received the wound and cracked skull was smiling and complaining of a slight headache only on wet days. All the men in the hospital have tiny wounds, smaller than a threepenny bit, a mere red stain, nothing more."

A medical investigator, inquiring from Russian officers as to the character of the Japanese bullet, was told: "Compared with ours the Japanese bullet is tiny, but its velocity is considerably greater. Our magazine rifle takes a bullet of three lines and imparts to it an initial velocity of 620 meters, whereas the Japanese rifles have a 2.5 line bullet, with an initial velocity of 725 meters. The Japanese bullet only penetrates the tissue, but does not tear it."

"When passing through the abdomen it inflicts the minimum of damage, its chief effect being to expand the muscles of the peritoneum, which quickly contract, closing the orifice, thus saving the injured man from peritonitis and death."

Ever since General Kuroki began to excite worldwide admiration for his military skill against the Russians in Manchuria various accounts of his origin have been going the rounds of the press. They agreed that his mother

was a Japanese, but variously stated that his father was a Frenchman, a German and a Pole. A German newspaper which accepted the theory of the Japanese general's French origin has been put right by Yosata Oshima, a nephew of General Kuroki, who writes the following letter, says the New York Tribune:

"My uncle Kuroki is of Polish origin. His father was a Polish nobleman of the name of Kourowski who fled from Russia after the revolution of 1831. He first went to Paris and afterward to Turkey and later joined the Holland troops at Borneo. From there he went to Japan and married a Japanese."

"From this union was born General Kuroki, who in the family is teasingly called 'the Pole.' His father upon his deathbed said to him that perhaps some day he would be able to take vengeance upon the Russians for their cruel treatment of unhappy Poland."

"As the name Kourowski is difficult to pronounce in Japanese, my uncle wrote and pronounced his name Kuroki. My uncle is very proud of his Polish origin."

After having completed a two years' course of studies at Oxford, England, and at Heidelberg, Germany, Adam K. Stricker, a prominent young attorney, recently returned to his home in Cincinnati.

Speaking of the situation with regard to the Russo-Japanese war, Mr. Stricker said:

"Before war was actually declared there was much excitement in Germany. Politically that nation is with the Russians, but the people in general sympathize with the Japanese. However, the entire people felt that a world war was imminent. It was feared that the English nation would ally itself openly with Japan and thereby precipitate the French nation's assistance for the Russian, also necessitating Germany's action on behalf of her powerful neighbor."

"Now, however, the German people feel content that the danger is passed and that the Japanese will be victorious. There are many Russian students in Germany, and they rejoice openly over a Japanese victory. They have no feeling or sympathy for the autocracy that governs their country, and they generally predict that, in the event of the Japanese defeating the Russians, there will be a revolution in their country, that riots will occur in St. Petersburg and that the present form of government will be overthrown."

Japan and Paupers.

There are very few paupers in Japan, because old age is revered there. No parents or children come to want unless all their natural protectors are dead or disabled.

SEEING THE FAIR IN DETAIL

How It Seems to Hold a \$10,000 Peach-blow Vase in Your Hands—Chinese Treasures of Great Price—Getting New Ideas About China—Li Hung Chang's Confusion About Missionary Claims—A Chinese City Block in Miniature—The Carpenter's Shop. The Jeweler's Store—The Tea House. A Rice Store—Home of a Chinese Gentleman—Hat and Shoe Store—The Umbrella Maker.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY MARK BENNETT.)

Mr. Wang unlocked the big glass door and placed in my hands a peach-blow vase eight inches high valued at \$10,000. My chief sensation was not one of admiration, but of fear that I might drop it. Many a better man than I has dropped \$10,000. Some have dropped it in wheat and some in corn and cotton. A friend of mine dropped his watch in some wheat and found it again the next spring, but sums of \$10,000 dropped in grain are not so easily recovered. I turned the vase over to see where the value might be secreted. A delicate mottling was all that I could discover. I was then permitted to return it to the custodian representing the great Chinese government. Then I was handed another vase of the famous peachblow make, value \$8,000, and, as if I had not already had honors enough, a third was thrust upon me, value \$6,000. In a space of five minutes I examined \$24,000 worth of peachblow vases, three of the greatest treasures of the Chinese government, the product of a lost art in the coloring of pottery. The vases are 300 years old and far more scarce than sums of \$10,000, strange as this may appear to the inexperienced among us. You, too, may see them in the Palace of Liberal Arts, which in this instance is a palace of lost arts.

China is an unopened book of wonders to most of us. The great Chinese wall between the empire and other nations is the complex language that produces brain fog and discouragement to most of those who attempt to master its intricacies and entanglements. But here are men speaking the English tongue whose mastery of the Chinese is equally facile. Wong Kai Kah, the Imperial vice commissioner to the world's fair, is a Harvard graduate. Francis A. Carl, the other Imperial vice commissioner, is an Englishman who has been more than twenty years in China. Mr. D. Percebois, the secretary of the commission, is a Frenchman who has been thirty years in China and is intimately familiar with the affairs of the country, owing to his high connection with the customs service. Mr. J. A. Berthet is another Frenchman who has been twenty years in the empire and is here doing valuable service in dispensing a correct knowledge of the Flowery Kingdom. The catalogue which Mr. Percebois has just completed is one of the most valuable books on China in the English language, for the reason that the exhibit contains something of everything important to the Chinese, and the book describes them all.

China is our greatest missionary field. It is no secret that the Chinese do not like our missionaries. Their aggressive ways are irritating. It was Li Hung Chang who said: "You send us your Presbyterians, your Catholics, your Methodists and Baptists, your Episcopalians and others. You all claim one Christ, yet each missionary says his way is the best. Now, which are we to believe? China has her own religion. Why should we adopt another about which we are so much confused?"

Put the work goes on from year to year and decade to decade, and whether worshipping Confucius, Tau or Buddha the Chinese are a wonderful people, a fact proved by the vast exhibit here in the Palace of Liberal Arts. I can scarcely name a single article for personal or household use or adornment not here catalogued. I think perhaps the Americans have more gimcracks, but the Chinese seem to have overlooked nothing that might meet a human need, even to their square holed money that is worth but ten for one, but sells here at three for five cents.

Let's walk around this miniature city block, which so graphically shows life just as it is in China. Here is a carpenter's shop, with carpenters in miniature. A shrine is at the back, for the Chinese are a pious people and venerate their ancestors, whose virtues are ever before them. One of these carpenters is planing a square stick. Another is welding an ax. A third is gluing together the parts of a frame. The proprietor is talking to a customer, who is distinguished by the bright fan which he carries. Peeping through the lattice of the upper story we may see a painter at work upon a half painted window sash. Could any scene be more commonplace? Yet how interesting it is to know that the Chinese are the counterpart of ourselves in ten thousand little commonplaces that make up our lives! Our Chinese friend clasps his two hands over his heart and by this sign expresses the thought, "I place you nearest my heart." We in America reach for each other's right hand and send a reverberation through our frames that makes our teeth chatter. The salutations are equally hearty and sincere. We differ only in the manner.

Let us look into the jeweler's store. The signs outside are painted boards

dangling from strings. With all the signs whirling and flashing in the sun on a breezy day in a Chinese business street, the scene is surely one of life. How very like an American jeweler's store! Two groups of statuary are on either side of the door as you are well within. Several chandeliers promise a brilliant interior at evening. The proprietor is behind a counter. His stock of jewels is in a number of drawers at the side of the room. A large show case in the corner contains specimens of falconry too large for the drawers. A customer appears to be buying something, just as one might do in America.

Here is a tea house, or restaurant. Perhaps in China they will call their tea houses restaurants some day, just as we have adopted the word "cafe" from France. On the ground floor the great teapot for hot water—as big as a ten horsepower boiler—is ready always to supply the steaming cup. The tea rooms are above, extending over several other stores. The farthest is an opium room, with its wide benches and stools of equal height, upon which the devotees may fall back, lulled by the pipe dreams induced by the insidious drug that is responsible for China's most deplorable vices. This little model is the only evidence discoverable in all the great exhibit that China admits the existence of the opium smoking habit among her people. But, then, we have opium rooms in New York and San Francisco.

Beneath the tea rooms is a rice or grain store. The signs probably bear a legend as familiar throughout China as the "Grain, Flour, Feed and Baled Hay" signs are to Americans. Rice is the great staple food of China. At his meals the Chinese has his bowl of rice as we have our potato. His meats, bread, cakes and fruits are his delicacies and are to be partaken of only sparingly. "I have never seen a drunkard in China," said a gentleman to me who had traveled 3,000 miles from the coast into China. Yet the Chinese drinks his wine, but by thimbles and upon appointed days only. Gluttony and unbridled indulgence are not for the Chinese. Opium smoking was originally the white man's vice, and the better class of Chinese deplore its presence within the empire's boundaries.

Here is a Chinese gentleman's town house with two outer rooms where the cool porter stands to receive the guests of his master. Glancing in, we may see the gentleman taking a sip of tea. In the far room is the shrine with ancestral tablets and incense jars. If we look about in the exhibit all around us we may see the real furniture with which a gentleman's house in China is furnished. Note the great rug with long pile and fine pattern. The Chinese are thorough in what they do, and here is the proof of that thoroughness. The sedan chair, carried by two coolies, sits upon the floor of the large entrance room, waiting the master's convenience, as a wealthy American's carriage waits at the curb or in the stable.

Hats and shoes are a Chinese business combination. In the hat and shoe store the round hats with button decorations that indicate the social standing and the shoes with felt soles that insure a comfortable physical standing are ranged in glass cases on the walls, just like any American store might be. The coarser grades are at the back part of the store on open shelves, where moth and rust and dust may corrupt if the proprietor fails to advertise in the local paper. Everything is graded in China in much the same way as elsewhere in the world. The refined and elegant things get their proper settings—the good hats and shoes in the glass cases and the coarse ones unprotected. The cultured people have the good houses because culture demands them, and the rough and unrefined dwell in the humble abodes, all graded by the common natural law that knows neither class, country nor creed.

The Chinese "umbrellas to mend" man has a most respectable looking store. Below are the finished goods, and we peep through a lattice to see him at his labors on the second floor. Shoes are a part of his stock—shoes that never saw any animal's back, except perhaps to ride to market. So, while "there's nothing like leather when well put together," the Chinese shoemaker can get along very well without it. Fans as well as shoes go with the umbrella stock, and the fan is as commonly used as the other articles.

You might mistake the silk store for a tea house, for tea drinking is the most noticeable occupation of those within view. But the tea is everywhere. Tea is a part of every social and business conference. Tea is the Chinese promoter of good fellowship—the balance wheel that keeps head and heart steady when there is business to do or personal experiences to recount. The silks are seen above, whither some of the little tea parties have adjourned to examine colors and qualities and to strike a bargain. One of the little wooden men is washing his face with both hands just as you or I might do when taking a thorough sousing. These little details go far to give us a correct picture of the real China.

Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

Worse Than the Partisan.
James Gill of Toledo, O., has married a girl whose father insisted on having her full name of "Missouri Arkansas Napoleon Four Hundred Miles Below the Mouth of the Ohio Absher" placed on the records when the license was obtained. Henry Absher, the man guilty of inflicting such a dreadful combination of words upon his daughter, explained that she was named in honor of an aunt who lived at Napoleon, on the Mississippi river, in Arkansas, 400 miles below the mouth of the Ohio.



SUNLIGHT SOAP

A SOLID CHUNK

worth buying and using, is the "LAUNDRY" shape Sunlight. There's more real soap value in it than any other soap you can buy. Buy it for next wash day and be convinced. Absolutely pure.

The twin-bar Sunlight has no equal for all toilet uses. Both shapes at your grocers.

IN BOSTON MARKETS.

Quotations on the Leading Products That Are in Demand, Sept. 14.

Boston, Sept. 14.—There is no material change in the local dairy market. Butter—Vermont and New Hampshire extra creamery, 21c; northern New York, 20c; western, 19c; northern firsts, 18c; eastern best marks, 19c; eastern fair to good, 16c; creamery seconds, 15c; thirds, 14c; fourths, 13c; Vermont dairy extra, 18c; New York and Vermont dairy firsts, 16c; seconds, 15c; western imitation creamery extra, 15c; firsts, 14c; lard firsts, 14c; seconds, 13c; thirds, 11c; packing stock, 11c; renovated, 12c; boxes extra northern creamery, 22c; firsts, 20c; extra dairy, 19c; firsts, 16c; 18c; common to good, 12c; prints, 12c.

Cheese—New York and Vermont twins extra, 9c; firsts, 8c; seconds, 6c; Wisconsin twins, good to choice, 8c.

Eggs—Fancy henner, 27c; Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire extras, 24c; fair to good, 20c; York state firsts, 22c; Michigan extra, 22c; firsts, 20c; other western firsts, 19c; fair to good, 17c; 18c; poor to fair, 15c; dirties, 14c; 16c; checks, 12c.

A distinctly better feeling is noted in the local fruit and produce market. Business has been in larger volume and prices with but few exceptions have shown considerable firmness. The weather of late has been less destructive than it was a week or two ago and dealers in consequence have not been so willing to shade prices to prevent a total loss by spoiling. There have been few important changes in prices.

Onions are in moderate demand, at about last week's prices. Cabbages are plentiful, but slightly higher prices are being obtained for them. Green corn is having a steady sale at 40c to 50c a bushel. Squashes and tomatoes are coming in freely and selling at low prices. Turnips are plenty, but not materially changed in price. The potato market is well stocked and as the demand is only moderate prices are easy. Other vegetables show little change from a week ago. Vegetable quotations follow.

Potatoes—Hebbron, 50c; 52c a bu; Green mountains, 52c; 55c a bu; cloth-head sweets, 1.87c; 2.2c a bu; double-heads, 2.2c; 2.5c a bu.

Onions—Native, 80c; 85c a bu; Spanish onions, 32c; 35c a bu; leeks, 50c a doz.

Turnips—Yellow, 16c; 1.25 a bu; white, 50c; 75c a bu.

Spinach, etc.—Spinach, 15c a bu; cabbages, 30c; 40c per 100; red cabbages, 50c a box.

Lettuce, etc.—Lettuce, 13c; 15c a doz heads; mint, 25c a doz heads; watercress, 35c a doz heads; parsley, 12c a bu.

Tomatoes—Native, 25c; 75c a bu; hot-house, 75c; 81c a bu.

Beans—String beans, green, 75c; 1.50 a bu; wax, 75c; 81c a bu; shell beans, 1.61c; 1.50 a bu; lima beans, 75c; 1.50 a bu; improved lima beans, 1.75c a bu.

Miscellaneous—Beets, 25c; 35c a bu; carrots, 90c a bu; parsnips, 1.12c; 1.25c a bu; cucumbers, 50c; 81c a box; pickling cucumbers, 1.12c; 1.25c a box; egg plants, 75c; 81c a doz; peas, 1.50c; 1.75c a bu; peppers, 75c; 90c a bu; marrow squash, 75c; 80c a bu; turban squash, 1.25c a bu; celery, 75c; 90c a doz heads; radishes, 25c; 40c a box; cauliflower, 1.61c; 1.50c a doz; green corn, 40c; 50c a box.

The movement of apples has been

A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

D. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Blemishes, and every blemish on the face. It is a perfect skin beautifier. It is so simple to use that even a child can use it. It is so effective that it will make you look like a queen. It is so cheap that you can afford to use it. It is so good that it will make you look like a queen. It is so simple to use that even a child can use it. It is so effective that it will make you look like a queen. It is so cheap that you can afford to use it. It is so good that it will make you look like a queen.

much better than it was and on some kinds higher prices are quoted. Choice red stock is having a good sale and green cooking stock meets with a ready sale.

Apples—Gravensteins, 22c; 2.75 a bbl; duchess, 1.50c; 2 a bbl; common sour, 1.50c; 1.50 a bbl; pound sweets, 1.50c; 2.25 a bbl; average mixed varieties, 1.25c; 1.75 a bbl.

Cranberries—Cape Cod, 50c; 3 a bbl and 1.50c; 1.75 a crt.

Peaches—Maryland and Delaware yellow, 1.12c; 1.25 a bbl; white, 75c; 81c a bbl; York state, 1.50c; 2 a bbl; Connecticut yellow, 1.12c; 1.25 a bbl; white, 50c; 81c a bbl; Ohio, 65c; 75c a bbl; West Virginia, 1.12c; 1.15 a bbl.

Pears—California Bartlett, hard ripe, 1.25c; 1.50 a box; green, 1.65c; 1.85 a box; native Bartlett, 50c; 81c a bu, and 2.25c a bbl.

Plums—California Kelsey, 2.50c; 3.50 a case; mixed varieties, 1.25c; 2 a case; York state, 1.50c; 8 lb bskt.

Blueberries—Nova Scotia, 10c; 12c a qt.

Cantaloupes—Rocky Ford, 1.25c; 1.50 a crt.

Grapes—Hudson river, 65c; 81c a case; pony blacks, 10c; 12c each.

Provisions—Heavy backs, 17c; 25c; medium backs, 16c; 50c; heavy short cuts, 17c; 25c; medium short cuts, 16c; long cuts, 18c; 25c; lean ends, 18c; 50c; 10 lb; bean pork, 13c; 13.50; loose salt, 8c; 4c.

Fresh meats—Beef, choice, 70c; 80c lb; good, 50c; 70c lb; hindquarters, choice, 10c; 11c; lb; common to good, 60c; 80c lb; forequarters, choice, 60c; 80c lb; common to good, 40c; 60c lb; mutton extra, 70c; 80c lb; common to good, 50c; 70c lb; yearlings, eastern good to choice, 60c; 70c lb; western, 60c; 80c lb; spring lamb, eastern choice, 11c; lb; common to good, 70c; 10c lb; western good to choice, 90c; 11c lb; veals, choice eastern, 10c; 11c lb; fair to good, 80c; 90c lb; common, 60c; 70c lb.

Dressed poultry—Northern and eastern fresh killed fowls, choice, 15c lb; common to good, 13c; 14c lb; green ducks, 15c; 16c lb; chickens, choice, 4 to 5 lbs each, 23c; 25c lb; 2 1/2 to 3 lbs each, 16c; 18c lb; common mixed sizes, 14c; 15c lb; choice broilers, 16c; 17c lb; pigeons, 1.12c; 1.25c; squab, 1.20c; 1.40c; western lead turkeys, choice, 15c; 16c lb.

KUROPATKIN'S WILL.

It Found the Way to Kokand and to Pami.

In 1884, when General Kuropatkin was only an obscure lieutenant, he went to the chief of his battalion and asked to be sent along with the expedition to Kokand, which at the time was being prepared. After meeting with a flat refusal he addressed himself to his comrades, who, according to Russian usage, elected him paymaster, with the hope that the new distinction would procure the chief's consent. They then went on en masse to ask that their lieutenant be sent, according to his desire, along with the expedition to Kokand, but the chief was as firm as ever. Kuropatkin accompanied them on the mission, but when they departed he remained in the hall like a sentinel on guard.

Two hours later the chief happened to discover him there and sternly demanded what he meant.

"I am waiting for you to send me to Kokand," coolly replied Kuropatkin.

"Never! You understand? Never!" stormed the chief angrily as he turned away.

Eighteen hours afterward the chief in passing found Kuropatkin still standing in the same place.

"Well, the devil take you!" he exclaimed softly. "What can any one do with a head like yours? Since there's no way to keep you from going, go on. The army has need of officers like you. As for paymaster, I can find them anywhere."

Church Bells and Races.

Till the year 1829 the bells of the parish church at Chesterfield, in England, were rung each year in celebration of the races. In that year, however, the vicar, at that time the Rev. Thomas Hill, put an end to the practice.

Raspberries.

Raspberries are extensively used in the manufacture of sweets, while different preparations of the fruit are used in medicine in cases of fever and inflammation.